

Tales of Darkness and Damnation

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Summary: A tale of death, hatred, sorrow and sadness during the time when the dead rise. Only the person with strong willpower can survive. Death always loved a fighter. T/M rating and Hiccup X Elsa story.

1. Chapter 1

**So, hey guys. This is my zombie story re-write. I hope you enjoy it better than the last one. **

Also, I'm also considering doing a re-write for my "What If I Were Frozen " FanFic.

**Also, I found this place related to here called "FictionPress." . Does someone know it? I'd like to know what that site is about. Thanks. So, It'll have the main characters from my last story but it'll be different. Just bear with me here and please enjoy.
**

**Read, Review and Fav. **

I don't own anything.

Doctor Felix Colins nervously walked through the airport , shaking. He was an old man, people would think he was shaking because of age. But he was an important person, a scientist to be exact . He finally managed to get past customs and checking and made his way to the boarding gate.

Quickly looking around, he pulled out a small black box, checking it. He opened it up, revealing a small vile containing a strange ,red liquid. He quickly looked at it and then put it away. Little did the people around him know that the liquid could bring mankind to its knees in a matter of days.

Felix was the creator, he spent all his life researching , creating

and testing it on prisoners. The screams of the prisoners still echoed through his head, it was killing him little by little.

Slowly, his heart rate increased. Not slowing down a bit. He took out a handkerchief and wiped his puffy face, removed the sweat . He tried to compose himself but couldn't. Something was killing him slowly, yet he thought it was nervousness. He took out his handkerchief again and wiped his face again, this time , he noticed the blood on the piece of cloth.

Quickly, he walked up and made his way to the bathroom , examining himself. He was pale and looked like he was ready to pass out. Death was overtaking him but he refused to believe it.

Whatever he had created, though he didn't know it, was killing him. The Virus was in him. He thought he was safe, in his suit, the decontamination process, he thought it was just nervousness. Little did he know he would cost humanity a dear price , which would last for who knows how long. Death would be taking in new souls soon.

Some could say the musical ambience of Death was roaming through the air, sending shivers down spines. Yet, more was to come .

Felix washed his face and walked back to the boarding gate, waiting for his flight which would supposedly take him from America to Russia, where he could isolate himself and the virus he had created.

He wanted to create something that would heal people in a second, make them smarter and stronger, and yet, all because of one missing ingredient, it wouldn't work as he had planned.

He took his seat, the invisible entity of Death right beside him.

Felix coughed and hacked, his lungs collapsing , there was no hope, allas.

Felix used all of his might to get up, he made his way to the lady behind the counter, barely standing.

"Ex  |excuse  |m  |me , I am curre  |..current  |..currently carrying a deadly virus and I need help."

The lady didn't know what to do, she quickly called the airport security.

Felix kept standing for a few more minutes then fell onto the floor, releasing his last breath into the air.

The lady ran over to him and tried giving him CPR, hoping to save the old man, little did she know was was making it worse.

The virus was now taking over his brain, re-animating it. No recollection of his human thoughts, only reviving the primal instincts to hunt, kill and eat. The lady had given up on trying to revive him, then the man shot up. His eyes were grey and red, blood was exiting from his mouth.

The now turned zombie bit the lady in the leg, earning a scream that echoed through the entire airport. Everyone screamed and ran towards the exit.

The lady kicked the man away and ran to the hospital.

Little did she know this would cause the start of the apocalypse.

* * *

><p>My little creation.</p>

Where evil roams freely,

Lies a place where dark roams every corner,

The light never shining

The allure of death haunting any souls brave enough to stay,

All shall fall unto their knees in fear,

For they shall never escape,

They have been cursed to the kingdom of damnation,

Where blood drips from the rooftops and windows

The howl of werewolves echo through the night,

In the brightness of the coming moon,

May all fall to their knees,

Begging for mercy which shall never come to them,

Their hearts torn and ripped out,

While other watched entranced,

For the bringer of fear is upon them,

Hypnotizing them,

Using the allure ,

Thou shall create damnation through the streets,

Hide your children, hide your souls,

But keep trying,

For the Grim Reaper roams the houses of this forsaken kingdom,

Bringing sorrow and despair to the souls still trapped in this hell,

For none shall escape the Sealed Kingdom,

For the most powerful spells are useless against the darkness,

The winds blow, the demons lay in wait, it is the birthplace of evil,

The people outside the kingdom await outside the walls, where the sun shines,

But they can all fall to their knees in despair for their loved ones are trapped behind this wall, never to be seen again,

Beneath melancholy black clouds and above mystic black waters lies the Cursed Castle of Ages Old;

The castle long abandoned by the living and captured by haunted souls of those not yet fully dead lies in a plane of forgotten time evermore.

The sun has forgotten what that place looks like,

And the darkness has erased the glory that once shone out radiantly from the splendid nation,

Now it is little more than the sporting grounds of ghouls and monsters worse than can the dark woods hold.

The dark stone road greets no travelers and the mountainous landscape conceals the skeleton of a castle from any would be adventurous soul who may by chance find the relic of a nation and wish to exploit it.

Such places should never be found by such people, for certain agony is the only outcome.

Shadows fade into darkness and mist vanishes into black rock. Such things should never be seen by men,

Enter who may leave,

>And leave all ye who enter,
for in the shadows
>lies the spider's weave,<p>

The Darkness rules here forever more, the lorde who owned it died.

>The castle still mourns it's owners death, and lets none but him in.
Perhaps the Darkness isn't evil.

>Perhaps it needs a friend.
Join the Darkness, one by one, line up in your graves.

>Let the Darkness come to you, let it be your slave.
Let no-one tell you that you cannot be.

>Let them tell you not.
Instead just bring them to the shadows.

>The Darkness will take their life,<p>

Now is the time for the Grim Reaper to come,

Do not resist,

He will take you away,

The Sealed Kingdom is sorrow, another one living its halls, the halls cry in agony,

The spirit of the night awaits,

For all shall fall,

All shall perish from this place where no soul dares to traverse,

For we cannot stop it,

Let the kingdom be, let the darkness overtake a once beautiful place,

For the actions of a man brought this to all the innocent lives now trapped here,

Leave now, for all shall abandon hope, ye who enters The Sealed Kingdom,

May the Gods above have mercy on the souls trapped in a place where there is no light, no moon and no hope,

Forever trapped inside The Sealed Kingdom.

* * *

><p>What did you guys think of the intro and little story I made?

**This will be a HiccElsa, probably. I have some surprises in mind. I hope you all enjoyed this intro and creation. **

I'm currently listening to some Celtic Music, Dark Ambient Music and other dark, no lyric music..

It helps with the dark feeling , bringing damnation to my soulâ€|.crapâ€|.still in a dark mood. Lol guys.

Any ways, I hope you enjoyed it all and if you want more dark little creations of mine, PM a little concept and I'll try to make a small one.

**That's all for now, please read,rate and review. **

-Cheers, Joseph.

2. Chapter 2

One week later, in the USA.

The stench of Death reeked through the eastern coast of the States, bodies littered the streets in this suburban neighborhood . In the middle of the street was a young girl, no older than 5. Wandering around and looking around. The hair covered her eyes yet she still looked clean yet only one bloodstain on her white dress.

A man, probably around 40 years old walked through the abandoned

streets holding a baseball bat. He considered this the apocalypse , for mankind has come to pay for their sins, for the gates of hell could not contain anymore. Up ahead, he could see the little girl looking around. He thought '_Poor girl, she needs help.'

The man quickly came to approach her, scared for the young girl out in this area, nighttime would fall soon and these creatures would be more active in hunting down any surviving humans. Even though this has only happened for 2 days, people were never prepared, nobody was expecting something like this.

The man ran up to the girl, kneeling down and seeing if she was hurt. "Little girl, are you okay ?"

The girl did not respond , he thought she was just scared. "Little girl, come with me. We need to get somewhere safe."

He tugged on the girls arm yet she didn't budge. He quickly moved the hair out of the way of her face.

Nothing, just blood and missing pieces of flesh. Her eye sockets were gone, her teeth were visible and worms were going through her face. The man slowly backed away from the girl. Before he could get far, the girl let out an ear piercing scream.

She then lunged at the man, biting his leg. That sent an echoing male scream throughout the whole neighborhood. Then, human figures started to appear from behind houses and slowly approached the man on the ground. The man tried to get away but to no avail. It was far too late.

The things started to bite on the man, ripping the flesh away. The man's scream could only be heard, it was far too late to save him. Any human survivors could only listen to the cries and moans as his flesh was being eaten off without mercy.

In a house facing the ongoing slaughter.

The two sisters could hear the screams coming from the man, the younger one, a strawberry blonde was hugging an older, white haired girl. Crying out of fear and sadness. They both covered their ears but to no avail. The piercing screams of the man came through.

The older one said to the younger girl, "Shhh, Anna. We're going to be okay if we stay silent and be careful."

The younger one tried to stop and managed to say , "Really, Elsa?"

"I hope, we have enough food to last 3 weeks, and our water is still pure, I've saved up allot of it just in case." Elsa smirked lightly at her preparations.

"How did you think of that?"

"The internet."

"ohhhh." Was all Anna could mutter in this chaos.

"Anna, we'll get through this. " Elsa reassured her younger sister

and looked to the other side of the rooms, the man's scream gone. They hugged each other tighter, not want to be separated in this new form of hell.

Hiccup and Toothless. **Both are going to be OOC due to this, you'll see.**

Somewhere near those two girls, in the next town over, a major city called Berk, two brothers were preparing for surviving the night. The two Haddock brother, Hiccup and Toothless. Hiccup was 21 and Toothless was 23.

"So, lil baby bro, you ready for this?" Toothless called to Hiccup in an abandoned apartment.

"As ready as I'll every be. It so sad how humanity lost it in a matter of days."

"Well, they never saw it and were never prepared for something like this."

Hiccup and Toothless were both right in a way. But being a major city never helped. They both knew the country or suburban places were going to be less packed and more chance of survival.

"So" Hiccup chimed up, putting on a shirt that hid a dragon tattoo , " Arenville it is?"

"Our best bet, Dad's old house is still up and packed full of things we could use."

"I miss Dad already." Hiccup said sadly.

"He's in a better place , he died saving us."

Their Dad , Stoick , was a rich man with houses all over the country for emergencies. Yet, he was dying of cancer. During their escape from these creatures, they ran into a dead end. Their Dad used his remaining strength to hoist them both onto a fire escape . They couldn't saved and he didn't want to be saved, his last words were '_I love you, at least I'll be able to see Mom again._'. During that, something in Hiccup snapped. Toothless noticed yet kept his best to help Hiccup. They considered their Dad a hero.

Hiccup just looked at Toothless and said , "Let's go."

With that being said, they tucked their knives into their boots, put on their hoodies and ran to the roof of the building, leaping from roof to roof to find a safe point to get onto the streets.

**Alright, short chapter. I'll try updating soon. Tell me what you think so far and never hesitate to fix it. I always look to you guys for advice and ideas. **

**Thanks everyone. Possible OC's later on. **

Love you all!

3. Chapter 3

"Come on Bro. I'm younger than you and less muscular. Keep up, Toothless."

>Hiccup shouted while preparing to jump the next roof. They had been hoping on and roofs for over 30 minutes non-stop to avoid the undead creatures below plaguing the city streets.<p>

Toothless was starting to become tired. Yet Hiccup was blazing through the rooftops. He shouted, "Shut up jackass."

Hiccup just smiled. There was always competition between them. Even during a zombie apocalypse. And according to Toothless, that's what it was.

The smell of sulfur wreaked though the city. They both hated it. It was an assault on their senses. Something they needed if they were going to survive this nightmare.

To them, Hell had no more room for them. Mankind will suffer, but they will be survivors.

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Nightime fell on the household of the Winter sisters. The house was dead silent. The windows were covered in wooden planks, the door barricaded by the sofa and chairs. The top of the stairway was blocked by a wardrobe and two coat-hangers to prevent any further intrusion by undead and the living alike.

The two sisters shared the same room ever since this epidemic started. Both were sound asleep. Elsa slept with her father's trusted rifle and survival knife while Anna slept with a standard Glock 9mm caliber pistol their mother got her for her 18th birthday.

But only Elsa had a small amount of gun training from her Dad. None were prepared for this problem. And Elsa wasn't a Marksman; she didn't have the heart to shoot anyone or anything.

That night, Elsa had a dream.

"Elsa, your sister is dead. She's become one of the things ". A man shouted to her over the flames of a building.

"No, you're lying, Hans. It can't be. ", Elsa fell to the ground, thinking she failed to protect her only remaining family, failing to notice Hans raise a gun to her.

At that moment, everything stood still. Anna, with a bite mark on her arm, on the brink of death stood helplessly far away. Anna couldn't help. Both were going to both die.

But it seemed fate wouldn't allow it to happen. In a split second, the brain matter of Hans splatted all over the sidewalk, leaving nothing but the lower half of his head.

Elsa turned and looked up at the collapsing body and to hear two male voices. One voice soothed her.

That's when Elsa woke up, covered in sweat, ready to scream her

sister's name.

She almost screamed but she quickly remembered her surroundings, Anna was okay, lightly snoring and her handgun right beside her. They were both safe and okay. There was no Hans or two men. Elsa quickly scuttled over to Anna, embracing her sleeping sister, never wanting to lose her.

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With Hiccup and Toothless

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Evening came; the smoke was still visible behind them as they finally came to the edge of the city, the last safe rooftop. Then it would be a walk through the remaining streets to get to the countryside and the railroad tracks to a hidden place where Hiccup would always go. A forest area called Raven's Point. Nobody knew about it. To Hiccup, it was sacred.

The only problem was they would have to pass a small town called Arenville. For them, that was the fastest way. It would take two days of walking to get the place but Hiccup and Toothless were prepared.

Hiccup and Toothless both pulled out their knives at the last building rooftop and cautiously approached the door that would lead into the stairway that would take them to the bottom floor.

"Ready, Toothless"? Hiccup said with a smirk.

"Born half ready." Toothless remarked.

Hiccup slowly pulled open the door and walked into the building, the Sun was setting and they needed to get out of the city. Fast.

They slowly trekked down the descending stairway, encountering dead bodies, all with bite marks and scratches. Hiccup, remembering some movies and started driving his knife into every dead bodies head.

Toothless saw this but didn't question Hiccup. He just followed along. They slowly walked, not daring to go into the wings of the apartments. They thought that avoiding confrontation with others would be best. Especially with people now panicking and acting hysterical.

After 10 minutes of careful walking and head stabbing, they finally reached the lobby of the building. Empty, cold, Grey, and barren of any form of life. The stench of Death was stronger here.

They both needed to move, darkness would soon approach and they knew it would get worse.

Hiccup said, "Let's hurry. We've got one hour until complete darkness and we can't spend it in the open. Let's at least find a car, house, or anything secure."

Toothless agreed and they hurried off. Not waiting to find out the

horrors of the night. Would they be safe? Can they survive? Will they all live?

Their only hope was to make their way to Arenville and find shelter along way. Then they would stay at Raven's Point.

Sometimes, it can't always be Survival Of The Fittest. Sometimes, Survival Of The Smartest can keep you aliveâ€especially when the undead are hunting you.

**Inside a plane. Above Berk. **

Inside a Boeing 747, panic was spread amongst the passengers. The onboard TV showed news of New York, Berk, California and various other states in ruins. All were scared or in a frenzy to contact their loved ones.

The three pilots inside the cabin were also shocked and even fearful to put the plane down. The three pilots, Captain Astrid Hofferson , First Officer Trevor Reyes and Engineer Jorgenson .

They were also intent on listening to the news. They had lost contact with the other cities and now they were flying blind. Berk was the last city to respond saying , "The city is lost. Canada isn't letting anyone in past their borders and fences. They've already shot down 6 planes trying to land there. Go North, they say it's safer. This is my last message. I need to get to my family. Good Bye."

All three were clearly unsure of what to do. All three were also heartbroken for they all came from Berk. Captain Astrid was only thinking about her family. Were they safe? She knew her Dad owned a knife and sword store so she had a glimmer of hope. Her Mom passed away years ago leaving her and her Dad all alone in this world.

Trevor was also thinking of his Mom, he knew his Mom was smart and had plans for any emergencies yet he didn't know if she was ready for this kind of thing. This wasn't a natural disaster. He also wondered about his Dad, were they both safe ?

Scotty Jorgenson was acting like he was not afraid but in truth he was quaking in his boots. He always had a macho man attitude , also to impress the ladies and Captain Astrid. What about his Dad? Mom? And cousin Gustav? Were they all safe?

Captain Astrid spoke up to the two, "There's an abandoned military bunker and landing strip near Arenville, we have more than enough fuel and it's far away from whatever this thing is. "

They both checked the data and maps and sure enough it was there. They all input that data to the plane's computer and set course. Captain Astrid picked up the loudspeaker hesitantly and announced the change of plans.

Welcome to the Apocalypse .

End
file.